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NOTARIAL. THE undersigned will write with nea accuracy and dispatch.

Just think of it—seventeen million Resplendent with multiplied cha A bast of adorable women finshing right into your arms! Coming one after markler, Faster than flakes of thou, Myriads burrying up to be kissed, And waiting for others to go.

Just think of it—seventeen millio From every land under the skies

There are women who scowl and who And look opposite ways at a time, And blinking blear-cycl mousters, Whose kiss would be a kin to crime. There are herrible objects with wear, And features twisted away. Termagants armed with the bromstick, Shows who sancks of the sty.

There are women with meased up noses.
And noses bent down flat,
And seatures drawn and teeth all gone,
And checks like a knocked in hat.
There are anatomical women.
With most of their bones outside,
And women like magnified timors,
Whom you could not embrace if you tri

There are women all padded and painted, More humbug than-women, I'm told; Manufactured of cotion and oferced for sale At current pieces of gold. There are women with hair that comes of, And teeth that they have put in, Who drop slowly apart like a bundle. As you pull out each separate pin.

You must take them, though, just a As fast as they please to rush in; in the whole 'twould seem—viewing

As best, perhaps, not to begin.
It's a pity to give up the good ones,
But to think of those others, my friend
And as soon as you start at the head of You are in for it down to the end.

NABBY'S HUSBAND.

Knock at the squire's door. te as his "ministering angels." Mary the servant, came in.

able ellent.

Wines and Liquors. a chair; "and I don't do very well."

Nabby had lived with the when Mrs. Hosley took her in, a ten in his life, even when he'd been drinkyear old orphan, who was, as the good ing."

old lady sometimes expressed it, "more plague than profit," until she grew into who finally, with every one's good madly in fiendish glee. wishes, married young Joshua Gould, and set up in the world for herself. Old Nabby," something seemed to say. Mrs. Hosley had long since gone to her friendly interest in Nabby and her for- ill used as she grew wetter and unes, the squire in particular being colder. "It serves him right. He's for her "guide, philosopher and friend" in all the emergencies of life. "Why, what's the matter now Nah.

Are you sick? it any longer, and I've come to talk in unlocking the door felt her way in knew it.' with you about gittin' a divorce. You through the little entry.

ashamed on't, and then I kep' hopin' of the best regulated minds experience and gloom of the night, the forlornness which was placed in one end of the to all the other virtues. Rights he'd do better. I've talked to him, and a vague suspicion of something behind of his wretched wanderings, he came bag. A large stone was put in the other ness is worth nothing without the talked the worse he grew." E. M. & E. Sugars, at 12 1-2

set round the kitchen fire, half boozy. out. If there's anything I hate," bust out "Two heads are better than one, if set the table for two again, to have Nabby, "It's a man forever settin' one is a sheep's head," Nabby might some one to praise and appreciate he cound the house underfoot. And there have been heard muttering out in the cooking. The November wind might noney for that.

"But I stood it all till about a fort-

when I spened the kitchen door, was had degenerated into sharpness, before thing in Nabby's eyes shone and glisold Hank Stater settin' there in my the smiling mouth had acquired its tened, too, although she wrinkled hard rockin' chair. He and Josiah were both hard, firmly set expression, before there and scorned the weakness of a pocket- pipe hats. drunk as-as hogs," said Nabby, sland- were any wrinkles in the smooth fore- handkerchief.

ering an innocent animal in her haste head. People thought Nabby had done

"They'd tracked the mud all over my elenn floors. The cookin' stove was every one liked; a young mechanic, not they'd got my best tea-pot out to heat figuring as "one of our first citizens." Nabby another of forgiveness. the worst was to see my husband a consortin' with such soum of the earth as that miserable low-lived Hank Sla-

door wide open, and sez I-"Git out of this house, Josiah Gould, and don't never let me see your face inside on't again.

go to, Nabby?" o long's you don't come near me, Pve dence, whenever a poor, shiftless, good-after all?' said Mrs. Hosley. Sez I, "I don't care where you go to, always been a respectable woman, and don't want none of Hank Slater's friends round my house." "Well?" querried the squire, as Nab-

by's narration came to a pause. "Well," said Nabby, in rather a subcome back. And I want a divorce." "Now, Nabby," remonstrated the know you better than that. You are do her part-anxious to get on in the came back? let him go to the bad, without a strugyourself, it is quite right to break your don't strike me a good Bible doctrine grew hard and bitter. Nabby. We that are strong ought to

not to please ourselves, you know." "Well, I dunno, said Nabby, twist- the tea kettle boiled. But even the out as I expected 'em to; but lately ing the corner of her shawl dubiously, ruddy light and warmth with which the I've thought a good deal about it all, onvalescence when life becomes a bur-"I hadn't thought on't in that light, I kitchen now glowed could not fend off and I've made up mind that there's az a stick of molassis kandy that haz bemust say. It's so aggravatin' to have the dreariness of the night. The rain considerable comfort for every one in gun tew melt. himself, but also to those unlucky femi-such a man for a husband. Besides, I tapped with ghostly finger-tip upon this world, after all. We mayn't git nine relatives whose duty it is to offici- dunno's he'd come back if I wanted the window-pane,' and the wind howled jest what we want, but we git some-

him to." "Hasn't he been back at all?" "Why, yes, he come back once, for a more taken back into human life and lieve Nabby was about right.

" Now, Nabby, you may depend upon of change, of all that goes to make up or answer."

it, it wasn't the pantaloons he was after the unsatisfactoriness of life. Dead "Show her right up, Mary" said the ter. He wanted to see if you wouldn't sorrows creep forth from their graves mire, alertly, brightening up visibly, relent. If he comes again, be a little on such nights, and stalk up and tle afar off. Not all the cozy comforts stay. Give him another chance, Nabby. heart.

ears encouragement, Nabby." "Well, spaire, I'll think it over, Anv-

there was nothing to prevent this prob- her exit just as Mrs. Hosley rushed in, full of wifely indignation that the squire had been allowed to see a 'elient.' Nabby's home was over at 'the Corsuming as much of legal dignity as ners, three miles from the village. She ressing gown and slippers permitted. walked rapidly along in the fast thick'put herself in his place,' and realized acted. Mary disappeared. Presently the ening darkness, with the steady strong how almost impossible it was for one loor opened again. "Why, Nabby," gait becoming the self-reliant woman said the squire, "is it you? How do you that she was. Yet even her unimaginative nature was not proof against the depressing influence of the chilly, raw tropping down with a heavy sigh into November evening. The wind whistled with Josiah,' thought she. I've sorter through the bare tree branches, which took it for granted I was a saint and he Nabby was a short, squarely built croaked and groaned mournfully, and a sinner, and scolded him right along woman of fifty, with considerable gray in the coarse, black hair drawn stiffly light overhead. The wind seemed to and high strung as Lucifer himself! and uncompromisingly back under a cherish a special spite against Nabby. Oh dear!' sighed Nabby; 'a protty mess connet about fifty years out of date. It blew her bonnet off and her hair in- I've made of living! If we could only she had sharp black eyes, and a reso- to her eyes, struggled madly with her go back and begin over again, seems to nic, go-ahead manner. Evidently a for her shawl, took her breath away, me things would go better.' hard-working woman; yet in looking and firmly resisted her every step. Fi-

stronger will no effort.

hesitating on the door step.

said Nabby.

the rain," thought Nabby, "He was alsquire's ways real kind and good to me, after all. ty near us though not present. nother fifteen years-from the time I dunno's he ever gave me a cross word

I know,' said she to herself. the steady and reliable handmaiden, by with renewed fierceness husting her

"An awful night to be homeless, "I don't care," said Nabby to herself, reward, but the family still kept up a beginning to feel cross and generally

made his bed, and he can lie in it." At 'the Corners,' light streaming ness becoming a returning prodigal. cheerfully out into the night from other y?" said the squire, good naturedly. homes made Nabby's little house look Nabby, heartily. 'Come right along in. ness, pour the oil and balin of peace particularly gloomy and uninviting I'm going to have griddle-cakes for into the yet festering wound, and de-"Yes, I am," said Nabby, emphatically, with a snap of her black eyes. "I'm door key, fumbled with stiffened fingers I set the table.' Griddle-cakes was one of its bleeding affection. sick to death of Josiah. I can't stand for the key-hole, and finally succeeding of Josiah's weaknesses, and Nabby

see he's ben a growin' worse and worse | There is always something "uncannow for a good while. I've kept it to ny" about going alone at night into a not be one whit more delightful than his father, who dwelt in Ireland, told myself pretty much, because I was dark and shut up house. Even people they were now, as from the bleakness him to ride to the mill with a grist said and done every thing a woman them, a sense of possible ghostly hands into the cozy brightness of the kitchen, er end to balance it. Roden having could, but it seemed as if the more I about to clutch them in the darkness. and felt that he was home once more. thrown the sack across the horse's Nabby was a woman, like Mrs. Edmund How good the tea smelled! The fire back, and got the grist evenly divided,

and knob by bundle. day helpin' Miss Barber clean house, miration not unmingled with awe. He The 'something' undone proved to be

my body cehed, I was so tired, I came She just as beautiful to him now as in tea-pot must have known it was a peace along home, thinkin', how good my cap the old courting days, before the bright- offering, with such preternatural brightof tea'd taste. The first thing I see, ness and quickness of the black eyes ness did it shine and glisten. Some

> 'Thank you, Josiah,' she said, it's a factory girl. well in marrying Josiah Gould-a pleas- regular beauty, and I shall set lots by

Which, so long as they understood jammed full of wood, roarin' like all very rich yet, it is true; but, with a each other, was perhaps, as well as if possessed. I wonder they hadn't burned good trade and such a wife as Nabby, Josiah had made a long worded speech the house up before I got there. And there seemed nothing to prevent his of repentance and reformation and

Any body can be somebody in this I wish I could say that Nabby never away, and the bottom come out. But country if they are only determined. scolded Josiah again. But I can't. Howearth are you doing?

the worst was to see my husband a But this was exactly the difficulty with ever, she 'drew it mild,' and there was a How to make time of the worst was to see my husband a But this was exactly the difficulty with Josiah. He never was determined general understanding between them about anything. He fell into the habit that this was only a sort of exercise ter. I tell you squire, I was mad. I of drinking because he lacked sufficient made necessary by habit-a barking by was mad. I just flung that kitchen strength of will to avoid it. Then Nab- no means involving biting. And Joby's sharp words, and his own miserable siah was so accustomed to it that he sense of meanness and self-contempt, would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and of utter discouragement and despair, drove him lower and lower, and he set going for the day by Nabby. sank down supinely into Slough of One day, later in the winter, Nabby

was washing for Mrs. Hosley. 'So you've taken Josiah back again, By a beautiful dispensation of Provi-

'Well, yes, I have,' said Nabby, givfor-nothing man is sent into our world, some active, go-ahead little woman is ing a last twist to the sheet she was invariably fastened to him to tow him wringing out. Josiah mayn't be very along through, and keep his head above much to brag of; but then, you see, water. It's for the best, of course, he's my own, and all I've got. We're What would become of the poor fellow getting to be old folks, Josiah and me, dued tone, "he went off. And he hasn't without her? At the same time, she and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay

not the woman to give Josiah up, and world and stand well among the neighbors. The fact, gradually realized, that a string ever since. He's a good progle. You feel a little vexed with him in her husband she had no help, no sup- vider, now he's quit drink'n, and a now, and I don't blame you. It is hard, port, only a drag and burden, and final-master hand for fixin' up things around radish is now practicing on a saddle of very hard. But you know you took ly a disgrace, had been a disappoint- the house, and making it comfortable. him, for better or worse. Do you think, ment embittering her whole nature. I tell you what it is, Miss Hosley, we've yourself, it is quite right to break your. To have a husband that no one respectively got to make 'lowances for folks in this contract because it proves the worse for ted, that even the boys around town world. We can't have 'em always jest bald head. you—because you are the strong one and he the weak one of the two? That

Called Si Gould, was dreadful to Nabby. to our mind. We've got to take 'em and he the weak one of the two? That

Perhaps it was hardly strange that she jest as they are, and make the best on't.'

Meantime Nabby had succeeded in and better contented, Nabby, bear the infirmities of the weak, and starting the fire, and having changed 'Well, I used to fret and complain a her dress, sat down to dry her feet until good deal because things hadn't turned

and wailed around the house like the thin'.' spirits of the lost pleading to be once In which piece of philosophy I be-

the present day is that of too little truth without lying. thinking-an evil much farther reachlike the war-horse who seents the bat- pleasant to him, and I'll warrant he will down the echoing chambers of the ing and more destructive in its influence than most persons suspect. It is said er by standing still. of his surroundings, the "Sleepy Hol- Josiah isn't the worst fellow in the Nabby could not-help wondering that Turner, the celebrated English aras he seemed to be idle, like another ver service bill in Washinton famous painter, who on being asked what he mixed with his colors, replied: Brains. He put thought into his wonof police force, represented by his wife and daughter, being luckily on duty, Nabby's compliments. Nabby made than angry. Up before her seemed to with an angry than angry the policy inrise a picture of her life; the youthful with cur work, the putting thought indreams and hopes, the changes and dis-

It is a child's oft-repeated excuse, 'I

Let us then strive to be thinkers, not

Social Intercourse,

"Stone in the Bag" Roden.

Roden, the rider and trainer is nicknamed 'Stone in the Bag.' When a boy with the stone in one end of the bag does as much as to make proclamation

Dying.

I am dying Katrine dving!
What was fading now grows bright,
Change o'er all is sweetly lying—
Angels I shail see to night!
I am dying, Katrine, dying!
And I feel—a heavy aphah—
I am dying, Katrine, dying!
I am dyeing my sanstache,

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Song of the Oyster-Keep me in my The ladies of Washington wear stove

A pleasant mill privilege-kissing Guilty of revolutionary movemen organ grinders.

Purity is the feminine, truth the masuline, of honor. What fish has its eyes nearest togeth-

How to make time go fast-Use the What route should cooks take in go

Applicable to an Angel-what on

ou did the week before last, A Legitimate Inference—that r dent-

its's office is a drawing-room. There is a man doing business in Chieago whose name is C. Nobody.

When is a clock like a discontented workman? When it is on a strike. A hundred cents make a dollar, but a nillion dollars won't make good sense.

Why is the road of transgressors so hard? Because it is so much traveled. A noble heart, like the sun, shows its

'We parted by the river side,' as the

A handful of cayenne pepper in each boot will keep your feet nice and warm this winter. Why is a prudent man like a pin;

Why is a caternillar like a loaf of hot

bread? Because its a 'grub' that makes the 'butter fly'. How easy to beggar a shoemaker.

take away his awl. A man out West has accustomed him-One of the many evils that exist at self to lying, so that he cannot tell the

> Why will folks pay so much for rent when they can get a house maid for

Mrs. Partington says she does wish are thrown into it.' He was thinking they would hurry up and pass the sil-If Burns were living now, he would

actly like a tallow candle, because he

Handling currency is a fruitful agen why so few printers suffer from the dis-

At twenty-five we kill pleasure, at

The minister who divides his dis-

appeared in the cities, and of course will

A man's wife is his best lawyer, his

viser, and also the cheapest and most sider himself obliged to keep his pledge,

because when he took it- there was no

because she hears so many of them be ing converted. Politeness is the outward garment of good will; but many are the nutshells in

'Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge; re-

ened, then; for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed." Brevity is in writing what charity is to all the other virtues. Righteous-

'Shrouds!' exclaimed an old lady, who was listening to an old sea captain's story, what do you have them at sea for?' 'To bury dead calms in, ma'm replied an old salt.

hand a delicate vermillion color which is a pretty contrast to the delicate white

Because it comes in at o e year and out day because her blood turned to sugar. We do not believe this item, for our 'dev-Why is a man's life safest before he il' says he knows a girl in this section had dinner? Because he can't di-gest who, if sweetness was fatal to females

Despond without effort or hope.

sometimes finds it a little hard.

CENSUS OR NONE CENSUS. The cen us, it is said, embraces sevent in women. Who wendth't be a ce-poldence Paper.

Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, Liens, and Take acknowledgments of the same; Protests Notes. Drafts.and Bills o. . IROTExchange; od: #A Make out Partial and Final Accounts for Ad-From every land under the skies; Multitudinous types of figures and fact A world of wonderful eyes; Love's withest vision of possible biles Turned sweetly, suddenly true—Who wouldn't, if his could, be a country. Think seventeen unifions; Who? A. J. BELL. Notary Public,

Office over Long, Brown & Co's Bank, Millers-But stop! These seventeen millions, From every land under the skies, Can't all be adorable women— Can't all have wonderful eyes. There are faces unpleasant to look at, Complex one decidedly had. Heaps on heaps who never had beauty, Or have loss the little they had. Shreve Tailor Shop W. O. FLINN. Ins removed East of Depot, where h make

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WASHINGTON, January 13, 1873

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HECKER & BURNET.

Shreve, WM. H. GARD. 40 1 GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

There are women with brains like a baby But tongs enough each for ten; Women who live by amusing each other, And women who feet upon men; Amazons, cannibals, Jezebels, hags, Flaterer, simpletons, shrews. Say sixteen millions of such, and about One million a feitber which sho I would respectfully announce that I keep astantly on hand a good supply of

An eager "come in" from the souire whom any outside diversion is an instimable boon, he having just reached hat uncomfortable stage of masculine en not only to the so-called "patient"

"Please, Mr. Hosley, there's a woou. She's been here before since you no notice of him."

But I didn't take warmth. Such a wind stirs in even the happiest heart a vague sense of loss,

sky left visible by the contains' heavy I folds, danced and flashed all over the the squire to his entorced seclusion, sorter comfortin' to a body. Your have,' secretly he pined for his dingy old den mother's own son; just the same good of an office, and chafed at the doctor's heart. Would you be able to eat some Nabby thought and thought. The very restrictions, which as yet forbade all of my cheese, squire?" thought of business. But now the moral police force, represented by his wife
squire, smilingly, not impervious to al police force, represented by his wife

"Show her up. Mary." said the source. cheerfully, straightening himself, and

"Yes, squire, it's me," said Nabby,

DRY GOODS

nough to keep himself in drink.

and Josiah's welcome. For Josiah cherished the most pronight ago. I'd been workin' hard all found-admiration for Nabby-an ad- by, said he. and it seemed as if every bone in thought her a most wonderful woman, a very handsome britannia tea-pot. The then,

The squire looked at Nabby's rather Sparkler, with 'no nonsense about her;' roared and snapped, the tea-kettle boll- had no need of the stone. He ran to his sharp, hard face, and perhaps was hard- but nevertheless, a cheerful tale she ed and bubbled and bobbed its lid up father and cried: "Come and see! we have heard of a man who took money ly so surprised as Nabby expected that had read only yesterday in the Chroni- and down, and from the griddle the don't need the stone any more. The from two letters, and there wasn't any Josiah had not been reformed by the cle, about a burglar and a lone woman, savory odor of the cakes assended like old gentleman looked calmly on, and vigorous "talking to" he had undoubt- kept coming into her head, and she a homely incense. Josiah's face, shi- said, 'Roden, your father, your grandcarefully avoided the thick blackness ning with mingled heat and happiness father, and your great grandfather, and agrees with all humors; and he that is "He grew more and more shiftless of the corners and the pantry door as as he turned the griddle-cake, was all belonging to you, went to the mill ever solicitous to conceal a defect, often and good-for-nothing," continued Nab- she groped around the kitchen for a something worth seeing. by, "till, finally, he didn't do much but candle. Of course the fire had gone Nabby stepped briskly around getting and the grist in the other; you put the

was a-takin' in washin', and a-slavin' wood-house as she stooped painfully howl its worst now. Its hold on Nabby early and late, to be kinder decent and down picking up chips; by which oc- was gone. In place of all the bitter orchanded, and him no better'n a dead entar utterance I suspect she was think- sadness that had hung heavily around man on my hands, so far as helpin' any ing what a good supply of kindlings her heart was a warm feeling of hap-was concerned. And so I told him, Josiah always kept on hand for her, piness, of comfort and hope. time and again. He worked just about and how much more comfortable it was All the explanation they had wa in the old times coming home to a this. Josiah drew forth from under his He knew he couldn't git any of my house bright with light and warmth shabby coat an exceedingly awkward

Tve brought something for you, Nab-

Nabby was ambitious and proud-spir- here.' old squire, 'you don't want a divorce. I lited, willing to work hard, to save, to 'How has he been doing since h

. I'm glad to see you so much happier

Too Little Thinking.

lowness" of his easy chair, the pleas- world, by any means. He has his re- where Josiah was to night. It was so tist, was seen to spend a whole day sitlowness" of his easy chair, the pleasant pictures, on the wall, the wood fire
which now that the wintry twilight
was settling down over the bit of gray
where Josiah was to night. It was so
that pictures, on the wall, the wood fire
will do better, if you will try to help
was settling down over the bit of gray
where Josiah was to night. It was so
thing upon a rock, and throwing pebbles
into a lake, and when at evening his
fellow-painters showed their day's
ketches and rallied him on having
of the clock.

When they can get a house maid for
three or four dollars.

When they can get a house maid for
the was seen to spend a whote day sits
they love the will do better, if you will try to help
him. You know Josiah is one that
of the clock. 'And Thanksgivin' a-comin',' thought oom in rosy shadows, could reconcile how I'm obleeged to you. You talk so Nabby. 'A pretty Thanksgivin' I shall learnt how a lake looks when pebbles The wind wailed and wailed, and fact of having 'freed her mind' to the

> appointments, the love turned into many mistakes would have been prevented, if we had always thought bewrangling. She even thought of Josiah with pity. For the first time she didn't think.' But we, unlike the

> of his weak nature to resist, unaided, the temptation which would cost a childhood's lack of thinking. 'I'm afraid I've been a little too sharp profound students, not great scholars, but quiet, earnest, practical every day workers who have good, substantial

reasons for our words and deeds.

Without friends what is a man! A solitary oak upon a sterile rock, sym-Just then there was a faint noise like metrical indeed in its form, beautiful at her you could not help the convic- nally, it began to send spiteful dashes the slicking of the door-latch. Nabby and exquisitely finished, outrivalling tion that something more than hard of cold rain-drops in her face-rain started and looked round. All was the most lauded perfection of art in work had plowed the deep wrinkles that seemed almost to freeze as it fell. which ran across her forchead, and "Josiah used to come after me with could not rid herself of the impression which decay has shaken her black wing, reatened to lift her eyeprows up to an umbrella when I was caught out in that some one was near her, that odd and left its leaves blighted, its roots sense we have of another's individuali- rottenness, and its bloom death; a scathed lifeless monument of its pris-'There's some one hangin' round here, time beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are crushing us earthward, when forty-two million pounds of tobacco, or Nabby was one who always met the clouds are dark above and the mut- a pound and a half for each one of the things half-way. Accordingly, she tering thunder growls along the sky, population piercing wind pounced down upon Nab- walked to the outside door, and opening when our frame is palsied by skeleton it quickly peered out into the darkness. hand of disease or our senses whirled There stood Josiah-wet, sheepest, sor- in the mælstorm chaos of insanity, when ry. Once he had started to go in, but his our hearts are torn by the separation of courage failing, he lingered dubiously some beloved object, while our tears are yet flourishing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence—in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from 'Why don't you come in, Josiah?' 'I didn't know you'd want me, Nab- portentous storm, to quicken the faintby,' replied Josiah, with all the meekback the wandering star of mind with-'Want you? Of course I do,' said in the attraction of sympathetic kind-

Josiah came in. If he ever gets into heaven, probably his sensations will supper ready. It seemed so pleasant to stone in the bag.

ing West? Pan-Handle.

Why is a drunkard like a bad account? Because he generally overbalances.

orrowing man said after drowning his wife.

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A

Because his head prevents him from gong too far.

If a man loses his breath, it is of no use to run for it. He can catch it quick-

always will smoke when he is going fore we spoke, and reflected before we cy for the spread of small-pox. That's

Apostle who, when he became a man thirty we enjoy it, forty, we husband it put away childish things, still cling to at fifty we hunt after it, at sixty we re-

> courses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all

> through the ice and the citizens fish them out and warm them with bits of

Owing to the high price of rent in New York, the New York Herald's Af-Brooklyn Great Britain last year consumed

est counsel, his best judge, his best ad-

stamp affixed. An old lady thinks the Bonds must b a family of strong religious instincts,

which,if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found. nember that!' 'I shall not be frighten-

It is said that if you take two letters

The latest 'wrinkle' is for the ladies to color their nails and the palm of their

namae is simply advice thrown away. A girl is said to have died the other